THE STORY OF A SOUTH ERN SWAMP

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

(Copyright, 1897, by Joel Chandler Harris.)

THE HUNT ENDS.

It will be seen that Mr. Jim Simi In his coule way, was a very shrewd reasoner. He slidn't "guess," he "reckon-ed," and it cannot be denied that he came very near the trath. You will remember that when we calldren play hide-the-switch the one that hides it guides those who are hunting for it by making certain remarks. When they are near where the switch is hid, the hider says: "You burn; you are afire," but when they get further away from the biding place the word is: "You are cold; you are freezing." In builting for Anron, Mr. Jim Stimmons was burning, for he had come very close to salving the prob-

Icm that the fugitive had set for him Mr. Simmons was so sure he was right in his reasoning that he cheered his dogs on lastily and touched up his horse. George Gossett did the same, and dogs, borses an men went careering along the plantation road to the river landing. The sun was now above the tree tops, and the chill air of the morning was beginning to surrender to its influence. The course of the river was marked out in midar by a thin line of blue mist that hung wavering above the

The dogs can crying to the landing, and there they stopped. One of the younger bounds was for waling across; but Sound, the leader, knew better than that. He san down the river bank a hundred yards, and then cicrled back across the field until be reached a point some distance above the landing. Then he returned, his keen nose always to the ground. At the landing he waited until Mr. Simmons came up, anthen he looked across the river and whined

Simmons seemed to be very lucky that morning, for just as he and George Gossett galloped to the landing a boathard of field hands started across from the othe side, old Uncle Andy coming with it to row it back. On the other side, too, Mr. Simmon saw a lady standing-a trim figure dressed in black-and near her a negro boy was holding a horse that she had evidently ridden to the landing. This was the lady to whom Uncle Andy sometimes referred as Sally Ward, and for whom he had a sincere affection. The river was not wide at the landing, and the boatlend of field Lands. propelled by four nascular arms, was ne ng in crossing. As the negroes jumper ashore Sound went among them and ex amined each one with his nose, but he returned to the landing and looked across an whited. They saluted Mr. Simmons and George Gossett politely, and then went on their way, whistling, singleg, and cracking jokes and Inughing loudly.

"Was a bateau massing from this side this morning" Mr. Siemons asked Uncle

" Uncle Andy put his hand to his ear, affecting to be very anxious to hear what Mr. Simmons had said. The question was repeated; whereat

Uncle Andy laughed loudly.
"You sho is a witch fer guessin', sub! How come you know 'houtdendson' heat?' Mr. Shimons solled under this flattery "I thought maybe a bont would be raise

from this side this morning," he said.

They sho war, sun; but I dunner how de it, kaze I was on de benk cross der Mo 'twuz light, en I ain't see you on dis side Yes, suh! De boat waz gone. Dev foun it bout a mile down de river, en or account er de shoals down dar, dey has ter take it out'n de water en fetch it baok yer in de Waggin. Yee, suh! dish yer de ve'y boat."

Where's the ford?" Mr. Simmons in quired. "I used to know, but I've for

"Right below yer, suh." replied Uncle "You'll see de paff whar de stock Har down stream, sub, twel you haff way cross, den b'ar up. Ef you do dat you won't git yo' stirrun wet ' The ford was easily found, but the

was not at all confortable. In fact, Uncle Andy had maliciously given Mr. Simmons the wrong directions. The two men rode into the water, bore down the stream, and their houses were soon Soundering in deen water. They some touched bottom again, and in a few me ments they were safe on the opposite bank-safe, but dripping wet, and in novery good humor. Mr. Simmons' dogs, obedient o his call, followed his borse into the water. and swam across.

Stigned clarabered out, shook bimself was an back to the landing where the lady was waiting for the boat to return. It and been Mr. Simmons' intention to proseed at ence down the river to the point where the boat had been found, and where se was sure the dogs would nick up the scent of the ranaway; but he found that the way was impossible for horses. He must needs go to the landing and inquire the way.

Uncle Andy had just made the middle seat in the bateau more comfortable for his mistress by placing his cont, n folded, on the hard plank, and Mrs. Ward was preparing to accept the old negro's invitation to "git abrend, mistiss," when Mr. Simmons and George Gossett rode up. Both raised their hats as the lady glanced toward them. They were hardly in cor dition to present themselves, Mr. Simmons explained, and then he inquired, with as ceh the place where the missing tout had been found.

The missing boot! Why, I never heard of it till now. Was one of the bateaux ing this morning?"

"Yessum. When de fishin' good en riggers put out der setbooks, day ain't many mornin's in de week dat one er de er er deze boats ain't mooin'." "I never heard of it before."

"No, mistiss. De boys low you wouldn't keer nobew. Dey runs dem over de shoale

en dar dey leaves um."
"But both bateaux are here." "Yessum. We fetches um back 'roun by de road in de waggin."

Who carried the fateau over the shoal 'Me, ma'm. Nobody nin't know nuttin

't all 'bout it but de two Elliks, en when dat ar gemmun dar ax me des now if de boat missin' fum 'roun' yer dis mornin', bit sorter flung me back on to vse'f I 'low 'Yes, sub,' but be sho flung me back on myse'f."

Uncle Andy began to chuckle so heartily that his mistress asked him what he was Inughing at, though she well knew.
"I hit myse'f on de fanny hone, Mialiss,

en when dat's de case I bleedgeterlaugh. A. this the lady laughed, and it was a genial, merry, and musical laugh. Mr. Simmons smiled, but so grinly that it had the appearance of a threat.

"And so this is Mr. Stomons, the famous pegro hunter," said Mrs. Ward. "Well. Mr. Simmons, I'm glad to see you. I've long had something to say to you. When ever you are sent for to catch one of my negroes I want you to come straight to the house on the hill yonder and set your could.
dogs on me. When one of mynegroes goes prise !. to the woods, you may know it's my

"Trufe, too," remarked Uncle Andy, under his breath, but loud enough for all "That may be so, ma'am, "replied Mr. Sim-

nons; "but among a passel of niggers you'll find some bad ones. What little pleasure I get out of this ousnessis in seeing and hearing my dogs run. Somebody's got to catch the run aways, and it might as well be me as any body."

Way, certainly, Mr. Simmons. You have become elebrated. Your name is trampete i fibout in all the counties around You are better known than a great many of our rising young posticians."

The lady's matner was very gracious, but

here was a plearn of burnor in hereye. Mr. Sum none didn't know whether she was untileg as atm of paying him a compliment; but he thought it would be safe to change "May I ask the old man there a few

ions?" he inquired.

"Why, certainly," Mrs. Ward responded. *Cross-examine him to your heart's con-tent. But be careful about it, Mr. Simmons. He's old and feeble, and his mind is not as good as it used to be. I heard him telling the house girl last night that he was losing

"De lawsy massy, mistiss! You know I waz des projickin' wid dat gal. Dey ain't ma'er nigger in de country get any mo' use dan what I got. You know dat "Was anybody with you in the bateau

when you went down the river this morn-"Yes, sub, dev wuz," replied Uncle Andy,

"Who was it?" "Well, sub--"

"Don't get excited, now, Andrew," his mastress interrupted, "Tell Mr. Simmons the truth. You know your weakness." If Uncle Andy's skin had been white or

suddenly closed her wings and dropped into the leafy bosom of the swamp. This was the first messenger. That red joker, the Fox Squirrel, had heard the walling cry of the bounds, and scampered down the big pine. Half-way down he made a flying leap into the live oak, and then from tree to tree he went running, scrambling, jumping.

But let him go never so fast, the blue falcon was before him, and let the blue falcon swoop never so swiftly, the mes sage was before her. For the White Grunter had ears. Ooft! he had heard the same wailing sound when the hounds were after him; but-gooft!-that was before he knew what his tusks were for. And Rambler had ears. In fact, the Swamp itself had ears, and for a few moments it relditsbreath (asthesaying is) and listened Listened intently, and then quietly, cantiously, and serenely began to dispose of its forces. Near the big poplar Aaron had a pile of stones. They had been selected to fit his hand; they were not too large nor too small; they were not too light nor too henvy. This pile of stones was Aaron's

The White I ig rose slowly from his bed of mud, where he had been wallowing, and stook himself. Then he scratched himself by rubbing his side against a beech tree. The Brindle Steer clowly dragged bimself through the cones and tall grass, and came to Aaron's tree, where he pauced with such a loud sigh that Rambler jumped

"It is the track dogs," he said. "Yes, I'm Forry," replied Aaron. "When the hig black cog comes stand aside and leave him to me."
"Gooft! Not if its the one that chewed my

ear," remarked the White Fig.



"As for the swamp, it had a great frolic that night. All the mysteries came out and danced."

not less embarrassed on that account. He after."

selve ter have some un 'long fer ter tol' either a wildcat or de boat steady when I go ter look at my

"Did anybody cross from the other side this marring?" asked Mr. Si-'Not dat I knows un, less'n it wuz Criddle's Jerry. He's got a wife at de Abercrombie place. He fotch Marie Crid-

die's boggy to be worked on at our blacksmif shop, en he rid de mule home dis morain'. Little Essek had 'er down yer 'hoat daylight waitin' fer Jerry, kaze he Eay he got ter be home soon ef not befo'."

and brought the buggy and had ridden th mule home. He also had a wife at the Abercrombic place, but his master had given him to "pass" to visit her, thinking it might delay his return. For that reason Jerry did not cross the river the night "And here we've been chasing Criddle's

Jerry all the morning," remarked George Gossett to Mr. Simmons. "Pap was right."
"But what was the nigger doing at your Mr. Simmons was still arreine he matter in his mind.

"Don't ask me," replied George Gossett, "Dey ain't no countin' fer a nigger, suh." remarked Uncle Andy, affably. "Dey ain't no 'countin' fer 'em when dey ol' ez nuch less when dev young en noopie like Criddle's Jerry."

Under the circumstances there was nothing for Mr. Simmons and Foung Gossettto do but to turn about and recross the river. It was fortunate for them that a negro boy was waiting to take Mrs. Ward's horse ecross the river. They followed him into the ford, and made the crossing without difficulty. Then the two men held a council of war. Uncle Andy had another name for it. "I wish you'd look at um jugglin"." he o his mistress, as he helped her from

the bateau. George Gossett was wet, tired and disgusted, and he would not hear to Mr. Simms' proposition to "best about the bushes" in the hope that the dogs would strike Aaron's trail. "We started wrong," he said. "Let's go home, and when we try for the nigger bgain let's start right."

"Weil, tell your father I'll be back the ing after tomorrow if I don't catch his pieger. I'm obliged to go home now and It's a true saying that there's more mud than water in the Oconee. I'll take a short cut. I'll go up the river a mile or such matter and ride across to Dawson's old mill road. That will take me home by dinner time."

As it happened, Mr. Simmons didn't take dinner at home that day, nor did he re-turn to Gossett's at the time he appointed. He called his dogs and turned his horse's head up stream. He followed the course of the river for a mile or more and then bore away from it. While he was riding along lost in his reflections, he suddent beard Sound give tongue far ahead. That sagacious dog had unexpectedly hit on Aaron's trail, and he lost no time in announcing the fact as loudly as he could. Mr. Simmons was very much sur-

"If that blamed dog is fooling me this time I'll feel like killing blm," he remarked tohimself. The rest of the dogs joined in, and they were all soon footing it merrily in the

direction of the big swamp The blue falcon, circling high in the air,

even brown, Mr. Simmons would have seen | "I came this morning by the thunderwood am bloshing violently. He knew his rule- | tree," said Anion. "Hide in the grass near tress was making fun of him, but he was there, and when they pass, come charging

included at Mrs. Ward and laughed. The Conscious nearer and nearer, and the "Speak right out," said that lady, "Who was with you in the bateaut" them on. As for Mr. Simmons, he was "Little Pseek, ma'm—my gran'chil", I'm said of one thing—the dogs were trailing never trained them not to follow the scent set-hooks. Little Essek wur de fust one of a wildest, and he now regretted it, for I see, en I hollered at 'im." his keen ear, alive to differences that his keen ear, alive to differences that would attract the attention of those who ad never made a study of the temperament of dogs, detected a nore rayage note in their cry than be was accostumed to hear. Nor did his ear deceive him. Sound was following the scent of Aaron, but his companions were trailing Enmbler, who accompanied Auron, and this fact gave a fiercertwang to their cry.

When Anron was going from Gossett's to he river landing Rambler was not trotting at his beels, but scenting anead, sometime far to the right and at other times far to the left. But in going from the river to the swamp it was otherwise. Rambler had to hold his head high to prevent Aaron's heel from striking him on the under jaw His scent lay with that of the son of Be-

Ali For that reason Mr. Simmons was puzzled by the peculiar cry of the dogs. He had trained them not to follow the scent of hares, coons and foxes, and I they were no trailing a runaway, he knew, or thought he knew, that they must be chasing a wildcat Pluto, the crop-cared catch dog, galloped by his master's horse. He was a flerce-looking brate, but Mr. Sim nous knew that he would be no match for a wildeat.

When the dogs entered the swamp Mr. Simmons tried to follow, but he soon to his way barred by the undergrowth, by the trailing vines, the bending trees, the rank ancs. He must needs leave his horse or lead it when he entered the swamp. He chose to do neither, but sat in his saddle and waited, Pluto waiting with him, ready

to go in when the word was given. When the hounds entered the swamp they were in foll cry. They struggled through the vines, the briers, and the canes nd splashed through the spreading arms of the lagoon. Suddenly they ceased to ery. Then Mr. Simmons heard a strange snarling and snapping, an ominous crast ing, fierce sporting, and then bowls and

screams of pain from his bounds. "A cat, by jing!" he exclaimed aloud. Intent on saving his bounds if possible, he gave Pluto the word, and that savage brute plunged into the Swamp with gleaming red and eager eyes.

Mr. Simmons never really knew what happened to his bounds, but the Swamp knew. When they splashed past the White Pig that fierce guardian of the Swamp sprang from his lair and rushed after them They tried hard to escape, but the hindfloat was caught. The White Pig ran by his side for the space of three full seconds; then lowering his head he raised It again with a toss sidewise, and the hound was done for -ripped from flank to backbone as neatly as a butcher could have done it. Another was caught on the horn of the red steer and flung sheer into the lagoon. Sound, the leader, fell into the Rambier's jaws, and ome old scores were settled then and there.

Pluto came charging blindly in. He saw the White Pig and made for him, experience telling him that a hog will run when a dog is after it; but experience did him small service here. The White Pig charged to meet him, seeing which Pluto swerved to ne side, but he was not nimble enough. With a downward swoop and an upward sweep of his snout the White Pig caught Pluto under the shoulder with his tusk and

gave him a taste of warfare in the 8 wamp. Another dog would have left the field, but Pluto had a temper. He turned and rushed at the White Pig, and the Swamp prepared to witness a battle royal. But just then there was a whizzing, zooning sound in the air, a thod, and Pluto tumbled over and fell in a heap. Aaron had ended the cur's career as suddenly as if he had been blown to pieces by a cannon. There was one stone missing from the store of ammunition at

the foot of the big poplar. Meanwhile Rambler was worrying Sound and the White Pig, seeing no other enemy in sight, went running to the scene of that fray. His onslaught was so furious that Rambler thought it good manners to get out of Grunter's way. So he loosed his hold on Sound and jumped saide. Sound was still able to do some jumping on his own account, and he turned tail and ran, just as the White Pig was about to trample him under foot. But he was not quick enough to escape with a whole skin. The tusk of the White Pig touched him on the hind leg, and where it touched it tore.

Mr. Simmons had five dogs when he came to the Swamp. Sound came out to him after the morning's adventure, but had to be carried home across the saddle bow. Two days later another of the dogs went limping home. Three dogs were left in the Swamp. Mr. Simmons blew his born, and called them for some time, and then be slowly went home

He had a great tale to tell when he got there. His dogs had jumped a wildcat at the river, chased him to the Swamp, and there they found a dea of wildcats. There was a great fight, but three of the dogs were killed, and the cats were so fleroe that it was as much as Mr. Sin do to escape with his life. Indeed, according to his tale, the biggest cat followed him to the edge of the Swamp. And he told this moving tale so often that he really believed it, and felt that he was a sort of hero.

As for the Swamp, it had a rare frolic that night. All the mysteries came forth and danced, and the Willis Whistlers piped us they had never piped before, and old Mr Bullfrog joined in with his fine bass voice. And the next morning Mr. Buzzard, who roosted in the loblolly pine, called his sani-tary committee together, and soon there was nothing left of Pluto and his companion to pester the Swamp.

(To be Continued.)

TWO PLAIN TALES FROM THE ARIZONA KICKER

We are the postmaster of this town and while occupying the exalted position we propose to keep right on feeling that we are more or less the United States The day after we took possession of the office we gave notice that it was beneath the dignity of a postmaster to lick stamps onto letters. Our predecessor had done it in order to curry favor with the public but we had no such object in view. We promptly and positively refused to lick, and though we offended scores of citizens for the time being all of them eventually came around to our way of thinking. It ha been three months since anyone requested us to lick, but last Tuesday a stranger in town named Baker entered the office and bought a stamp and demanded that we paste it to his letter. His manner was very offensive, and after a few words had been exchanged he amounced that we must either lick the stamp or he would

We passed out into the corridor, and he tackled us, and it took us just five minutes to make him boller. We did not lick him as editor of the Kicker, mayor, cenator or deputy United States marsual, but as postmaster, and to maintain the dignity of the United States, and after being restored o consciousness he made us an ample apology and admitted that we could have taken no other course under the circum tances. He was able to limp out of town next day, and he departed for Pine Bill where the postmaster not only licks on all the stamps, but has never dared send a letter to the dead letter office for lack of postage. If there is any other critter in Arizona who thinks we haven't made or our mind on this matter he will oblige u by making an early call.

A man named Finney, from New Mexico, strived in town the other day for the express purpose of shooting Col. Joe William satisfy an old gradge. He was passing up and down the street and making inqui ries, when he ran up against the colonel, and before he could get his gun out of its holster he had a bullet in his shoulder and a second through his hand and was laid out. We were interviewing him yes terday, and he had not yet recovered from his surprise, although his wounds were doing nicely. He had planned for a year or more to come here and pop the colonel. He had traveled a distance of 450 miles

and had thought it all out a hundred times

To bump up against his victim and be knock-

ed out in a breath was a feature he hadn't

provided for, and it will be three or four

days yet before his brain is clear on that

subject. Col. Joe doesn't know why the

nan sought his life and he isn't inter-

ested enough to inquire. In this country

when a stranger walks up to you with his hand tugging away at the butt of a re-

volver it is considered good manners to

get the drop on him first and ask ques-

tions afterward. Mr. Finney says he shall

start for home as soon as able and abandon

his idea of killing the colonel. That is very

kind and sweet of him, and on behalf of

Couldn't Persuade Mr. Piatt.

Mrs. Fred Grant persuaded Senator Cullon

to go to the President with he

Berlin from the State of Illinois instead

of from the State of New York, where he

showed greater power of resistance than

Mr. Cullom, as he refused to indorse

Col. Grant as a candidate. Mrs. Grant is

showing herself quite as energetic and it

Potter Palmer.-Chicago News.

fluential in politics as her sister, Mrs.

as resided for several years. Senator Piatt

ask for the appointment of

husband as ambassador to

the community we return thanks.

and

of the world is there seen such a metare is is unfolded before the eye of the tourist who sets out from Los Angeles, the natural center of the colony system of Southern Colifornia. Within a radius of fifty miles from this old Spanish-American headquarters, one may visit a hundred colonies. each presenting some distinct feature (fin-terest, but all modeled on the same planthe urion of the best qualities of town and country life; the development of religious and social associations; the cultivation of the beautiful in landscape-gardening and floriculture; the perfection of the community idea which replaces the only fence with the ornamental hedge and breaks devn he caste line in social life, and the instion of most of those vices that make the large American city so dangerous a place for the proper education of children A few of the dwellers in these columes are men of large wealth who have been attracted by the climate and the arroundings, a small fraction is made up of these who only use their homes who have sought a home in these colonie and are dependent for support upon the

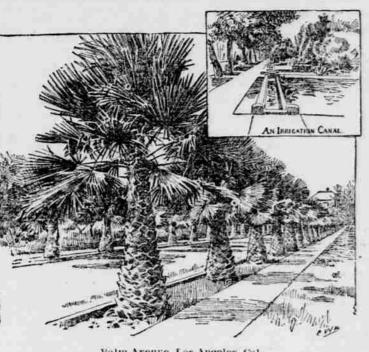
as places of winter residence; but the great majority are persons of moderate means product of their orange groves or vine sayds. The standard of education and refinement is high, for nine-tentlis of these colonists know Europe almost as well as this country, and fully one-third is made up of English Angle-Indians and Australians, to when this free life in a climate that permits of out door exercise every day in the year appeals even more than it does to the Amer-Lest this praise should seem exagger ated it may be well to glance at a few features of these colonies before de scribing in detail some of the typical setdements. In most of these Southern Cali formia colonies the sale of liquor is either oblibited or restricted by very high Beense

The result is an entire absence of corner doons. The Chinese are placed in ondistrict, and they are compelled to maintain cleaniness in their quarter. This saves the colony town from the unsigntly spectacle of Chinese wash-houses on the main rects, and it keeps the Orientals strictly apart from the rest of the community-precaution that only those who know th rapid spread of Chinese vices can properly to churches and schools than in most East em communities. Indeed, what is spent on the school system of these colonies might be called extravagance had it not been demonstrated that every dellar invester in good schoolhouses and superior teachers brings ample returns in the best class of settlers. All public buildings are of the est architectural designs, made of the material that conforms most agreeably to the surroundings; the streets are laid out with double and triple 10-ws of trees that make the main avenues long vistas of leafy shade in 1 of midsummer days, private howes and grounds are in keeping with the streets, so that the eye is selde

offended by anything grotesque or incom gruous. This colony system owed its origin to a party of German mechanics of San Francisco, who over twenty-five years ago de cided to attempt the founding of a community in Southern California, which, whill leaving free play for individual tastes should have the benefit of union of commercial interests. These Germans knew little of country life, but several of their number bad had experience in wine making in the old country. To them was intrested the purchase of land and its proper development. These men bought a part of an old Spanish ranchonear Los Angeles, which was so overgrown with eactus that it was corthicss even for pasture of stock. They paid a mere trifle for the land, but the owner smiled over the bargain he had made. They then cleared the hand, but the canal and diverted water from the Los Angeles River, divided the place into twenty-acre tracts, with a village lot for each tract, and planted the whole to the best varieties of wine grapes. They called the place Anaheim. None of the settlers moved upon their land. For three years they worked in the city, devoting thenselves to paying for the land and its im provement. All the work on the vineyards was done economically, and in the fourth year, when the vines began to bear, house were built and each colonist began liter ally to live under his own vine and fig tree. So well did the managers execute their trust that no colonist was dissatisfied, and in the entire life of the colony no mortgage was ever placed on a vineyard. A winery was built, and the product of the vineyards was sold just as though it be-longed to one man. Thus every colonist secured the full fruit of his labor and never

An Ideal Existence In Southern California

been taken in a trap three days before, and that he was going to take him down to Silver City to sell him to a saloonkeeper Southern California is known the world over for its semi-tropical climate, its sunshine, and its remarkable variety of fruits But to my mind its chief claim to regard is squint-eyed, bob-tailed, and poor in flesh, and when rallied about the animal the old that it has demonstrated the practical benefits of the colony system, and has thus agin him, the dog was really a fighter of the first water. He lounged up and took established in a new land and under the best conditions ideal homes and an ideal state of society—the nearest approach in this country to that perfect community ire which William Morris pictures in "News From Nowhere." In no other part



Palm Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

"There is no call to brag," was the reply.
"I didn't know but you was braggin' and bluffin' as to how he could fight. was I was going to say a few words.

BETTING ON A BEAR

At Rawson Junction we found a m

with a hig black bear is a cage on the platform. He explained that Bruin had

for \$50. While we were surveying the captive an old man rode up on a cayuse,

followed by about the meanest-looking dog everseeninthe glorious West. The canine was

man explained that, while his looks were

a look at the bear and another look at his

"Mister, I reckon ye sorter brag on that

owner and finally said:

"As to that 'ere dog o' mine, I hey never put him up ag'in a b'ar as yit, but I think he could hold his own." "You must be crazy!" exclaimed the

our dog up at one gulo!" "Mebbe he would, stranger-mebbe he would, but somebow or t'other I can't

believe that he would. I've knowed that dog fur three y'ars, and I don't believe ir b'ar could chaw him up ! Well, it stands to reason that he could From the looks of him I should say that al nest any sort of dog could roll that dog

yourn over. He's ready to run now, "Yes' he looks that way," slowly re marked the old man, "but that's his de ceivin' p'nt. What's the value of yer

"Fifty dollars." "Wall, I've got fifty dollars in gold which says he can't chaw my dog up in no one minit, nor five nor ten minits."

"What's that? You want to put your dog agin my bear?"
"I do, stranger, and my money is ready We'll turn 'em loose on the platform, and if your b'ar chaws up my dog, the cash is

yourn." The owner of the bear didn't have but \$20, but he put up his Winchester for the balance, and as soon as the stakes were up we got into the station and left the dog and the bear man to arrange things. Some of the slats to the cage were loosened, and fter a few minutes all was ready and the two men joined usinside. The dog scratched t the door and whined togetin, and afters look about him the bear left the cage and tarted for the canine.

"One gulp and your dog is gone!" shout ed the bear man, but he wasn't out of the woods yet. The dog was off the platform and up the trail in a flash, while the bear followed at a slower gait. They had been out of sight five minutes when the bear man addenly exclaimed:

Why-why-that bear won't come back!" "No. I recken not," replied the old man.

"But the bet was that he'd chaw up my and he hasn't done it. The bear man looked up and down and round, and the situation finally dawned pon him and he said to the old man: "Stranger, did you ever strike a full-

'And did you leave 'em dead broke and

"Oh, no. I allus felt sorry fur 'em and

And he handed the bear man \$10 of

the \$20, took the rifle on his arm and rode

way down the trail without looking

Prophecies Which Failed.

There are a few famous prophecies which

secount. Aristotle, for instance, said that

failed utterly and became historical on that

slavery would last forever, or until the

shattle would weave of itso wn accord. This

and thanks to invention the shuttle may be

"Before fifty years are over all Europ

ested Napoleon I in the first decade of this

century. At the end of nearly a hundred

cears Europe is no more republican than

ever and the Cossacks have no more power

"The United States of Europe," was the

prediction of all ardent democrats from

Victor Hugo to Carlo Cattanco, and its

ulfillment was to take place at the down-

fall of the Napoleonic empire. It is tweaty five years since then and the states of

Europe are more disunited than ever - Chi-

will be either republican or Cossnek," propi

is a double mistake, for slavery is a bolishe

said to work of its own accord.

left 'em sunthin' for railroad fare.'

"Yes, two or three."

His Wounds Are Doing Nicely.

far from home

back.

suffered from the rapacity of middle-man or railroad agent.

For fifteen years the colony flourished. and such was the content of these Teutonia wine-growers that they never attempted to "boom" their lands. In fact, they set their faces against the hustling land agent, and it is only in recent years that more worldy dwellers have come in and have supplanted many of the old vineyards with fine orange groves. Yet, though look as a legacy of its plain German founders, few colonies in California can show a better record of continued prosperity in good seasons and had. Boo have come to other colonies and collapses of booms, but through all these Anaheim has gone stendily on

Riverside is perhaps the best known colony in California, because it was the first to make a success of the navel or eedless orange. Its history is typical of that of many other similar ventures. Founded by Eastern people on a wind-swept mess or natural terrace in the San Bernardino valley, its only claims to favor were its rich soil and its superb view of the snow-covered mountains not fifty miles away. All the old settlers who were growing wheat on the rich lands near by predicted that the "tenderfeet" would come to grief; but these pioneer colonists were not of the stuff to be daunted by obstacles. They first planted almonds and raisin gropes, but the almonds dropped from the trees because the soil was too moist and cold, and the grapes refused to be converted into saleable raisins. So the greater part of these ore mids and vineyards were rooted out and the seedless orange was planted. It flourished in the dark, rich soil, and soon the Riverside navel orange commanded the best price in any Amerlean market.

Thousands of acres were planted, magnificent streets were laid out, fine public buildings erected. The main thoroughfare of the place is Magnelia avenue, the finest driveway in Southern California. A triple row of magnotia, eucalyptus and fan palms extends clear through the center of the drive. One drives for muc miles passing on either side a continuous succession of fine residences, each with its ornamental garden and its superb orange grave streten-ing back over the level valley, with foliage as darkly green in January as in July. Nothing can be more beautiful than these groves when the orange trees are powdered with snowy blossoms that freight the air with their rich performs, or when the golden fruit hangs thick in their branches, giving them the appearance of well trimmed Christmas trees. And those who derive large incomes from these beautiful orange groves have shown a civic pride that is almost without parallel in this country. They have prescribed everything that man the beauty of their city or the proper development of their children. Their schools sistained, and their society is based on culture and refinement rather than on acquired or inherited wealth.

Another colony, barely ten years old, which almost surpasses Riverside in beauty of location and rivals it in success in orange culture is Reslands, in the shelter of the lofty San Bernardino Mountains. Riverside, it has been developed by the best class of Eastern people, who are determined to make it an ideal community, Poverty, vice, and suffering are unknown; place combines all the advantages of city life in churches, schools, theaters, lectures, and clubs, and all the benefits of country life in driving, borselack riding,

hicycling, and other sports.
A unique colony is Ontario, in the Pomons Vailey, forty miles from Los Angeles. It was founded by the Chaffee brothers and took its name from Ontario, Canada, cation was the first thing consider in Ontario. A tract was set apart for the college and other lands were inid out to be sold only for the maintenance of the institution. The colony flourished from the outset. One feature is Euclid Avenue of pepper and paim trees, seven niles long, which runs from the railroad station clear to the base of the neighboring nomatains. All the traits of the original colony are preserved, and every deed of land contains the provies that so sa or hotel barroom shall be established One company in this colony enty to settlers who agree to build homes when their lands are improved. This company plants orange or femon groves or orchards of decidnous fruits and takes care of them until maturity. Then the owner builds his house and takes pos-

Pomona, which is near Onterio, was settled by lowe people who had tasted colony life in that State and desired to try it here under new conditions. It was in 1877, when the grange movement was a popular fad, that 13.000 acres were tought by these lows settlers, and the new colony was named Pomona after the Goddess of fruits. The place has had a of the best types of a colony founded on general fruit-growing. In fact, it grows more varieties of fruit than any locality in the world. It has 7,000 acres in ranges, and 4,000 acres in peaches, apr cots, and prunes, and its products range pometos, or grape fruit.

Los Augeles, as the natural center and market for all these coloties, has become the second city in importance in Califormin. In 1886 it had only 11,000 inintitunts and the Sponisti-Au still ching to it. . By 1886 it had 40,000, and now it has 160,000 people, while in the colonies, which are virtually suburbs, there are 200,060 more. on a score of hills, it looks out on a series of rich valleys, dotted with colonies; to the west on clear days the Pacific Ocean, only twenty miles away give s back the sun time like a great sheet of glass; to the east the eye may follow the rugged skyline of the coast range for one hundred miles-The city has been made beautiful to please the Eastern tourists, who come out every winter by thousands to escape the ice and now. It is perhaps the only large city in this country which can toust of open water running in stone disches inside the sidewalks.

All about it the country is like a garden. The San Gabriel Valley for fifteen miles is a succession of colonies. Pasadena, the Indian name for Crown of the Valley, deserves its title for it has no equal in beauty in this valley and few rivals in the State. It boasts some of the great show-places, rose gardens with hundreds of varieties in bloom, and hedges of calla lilies that look at a little distance like a great green ocean breaker falling in from. On Millionaire Baldwin's Santa Austa ranch are a halfdozen colonies that have been developed within ten years. Through all this garden land, redolent with the perfume of magnolia and orange and jessamine, the tourst may drive for hours, until the eye sated with the beauty of green and gold. And everywhere he will see evidences that woman has had an equal hand with man in the making of these homes. He will see delicate-looking women pruning trees and vines and in the harvest season the whole family gathering oranges or picking grapes. It is this wholesome outdoor exercise, amid surnamelings which have nothing in them to consent the nature, that gives the superh physique of Southern California women. And the california bred in these colonies, are good to look upon-rosy-cheeked, staiwart, supple and strong, the girls as free from all ailments as the boys.

It is to these colonies that California must look for the new generation that is to make her known in the world of literature, art, and science, as she is known today for her material conquests, her enorons addition to the world's wealth in gold, silver, wheat, fruit, and wine. For n these colonies all the surroundings favor the perfect development of the physical man and woman, and the study of beauty, taint of degeneracy, cannot fail to stimulate the creative imagination. So the next century may owe some of its best art work

to the influence of California of GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH.